4. Room E Pharmacist.
BELLEVUE AND ALLIED HOSPITALS
~~TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION~~
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
EAST 26TH STREET
NEW YORK

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BROOKLYN N.Y.
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1918

J. W. Freedman
c/o Post Quartermasters Office
U.S. Marine Corps Reserve
Brooklyn Navy Yard,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Feb. 14-1917.

Precious Harry: ——

When I went to bed last night, I had a little time to think — raising almost punished the cap for Sadie. I surely was sorry that I allowed myself to become so absorbed in it at your expense. I do hope you didn't feel hurt — you realize that I had to hurry up, that there isn't much time left.

It looks encouraging for his being put into another class. Gosh! wasn't it the best thing that ever happened?

About 10.30 I went up to bathe and was so tired that no sooner did I hit the pillow I fell asleep. But I thought of you all the while. Honestly I did.

Am enclosing you a clipping from this morning's paper about

When Zy came home last night the mystery cleared as far as the improperly filled questionaire was concerned. What do you think? They have been married since Dec 8. (by a Justice of Peace). and they wanted to know why he didn't claim exemption on this ground. On the blank it states "name those that are wholly dependent upon you" which of course he couldn't make apply to Sadye.

some going on in "God's country". Really Joe, I think it an outrage against humanity for such thing of this kind to be allowed at this date, and these people are supposed to be civilized. Each man that was active in this outrage ought to be cured by a dose of his own medicine. Never mind, when I get there I'll first tell them what I think of them.

Ever lovingly
Your wife

I'm going to Wanamaker's the 1st to buy a pair of [illegible]

TODAY

A Man Burned Alive. Not in Prussia— Here in America. And a Lady Applauds.

By Arthur Brisbane

Excuse the omission of any reference to "Prussian brutality" from this column for just one day.

We Americans in the proud and civilized State of Tennessee have just burned a negro to death. Details of this interesting performance should take our minds off Prussian cruelty for a while.

* * *

The negro was not accused of "the usual crime," an attack on woman supposed to explain any brutality. He had shot two men and wounded a third.

When they got him they tied him to a tree and burned him for awhile with hot irons to make him confess something—which is going some distance back in the history of justice.

* * *

Then they piled wood around him and burned him up.

And, note this refining touch of civilization, a lady made a speech requesting the burning of the negro and other ladies seconded the motion.

* * *

"Each man has in himself a hog asleep," said Zola.

Many, it seems, have within them a hyena asleep—and it does not take much to wake the animal.

* * *

Professor Shaler, recently teacher of geology at Harvard University, wrote a book on the mob worth reading.

He said that under proper conditions a gathering of five hundred perfectly respectable clergymen could be transformed into a howling, lynching mob.

The statement shocks you less when you read that in Tennessee men of ordinary character and morality spent ten minutes applying red-hot irons to the body of a writhing, helpless negro to make him confess something—he and they did not know what.

* * *